YANKEE DOINGS

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This gives one an opportunity to keep before the YD public at a very low rate. Do not wait to be solicited; just send in your line or two lines and note that fifty-eight spaces on your typewriter make a line for this column.

YANKEE DOINGS

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YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

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(M) signifies Member, Y.D.V.A.
(LM) signifies Life Member.
(HM) signifies Honorary Member.
(AM) signifies Associate Member.

FRAMED PICTURES OF YD MEMORIAL CHURCH

The day the YD Memorial Church at Belleau was dedicated last October, enough camera men, amateurs and professionals, were present to shoot the inauguration of a President or the coronation of an Emperor. After "the tumult and the shouting died," that is to say, a day or two later, one TOMMY WATSON (M) went back up there and succeeded in taking a picture which made the efforts of the pros look silly.

Tommy has had this picture enlarged and it certainly is a beautiful thing. He has loaned the original film to the Y.D.V.A. and we are prepared to sell, here at the club, framed enlargements, all ready to hang on your wall, for the sum of $1.50. This is a cash-and-carry proposition as the office is not equipped to pack and mail these framed pictures.

MEMORIAL DAY

One day a year we stand with bared heads beside the last resting place of those to whom an ideal meant more than the sweetness of life itself. Possibly the cause for which they died was not what they thought it to be; perhaps their sacrifice went for naught; yet in the last analysis these things do not matter. In their willingness to die that others might live they prove to us that man can some times break the bonds of nature's physical laws: that he is indeed something more than a two-legged animal, that possibly life may have some meaning beyond the survival of the fittest.

And as we pay them tribute, we too are ennobled. We are not honoring war; we are not worshipping national greatness; we are but recognizing that what they have done has raised the whole race of man a little nearer God.

NO DUES, NO DOIN'S

Someday, some one of the accomplished composers who frequent the YD Club is going to be given the detail of setting those sad words to music, preferably a dirge.

This is the last call. So if someone has hermetically sealed your pockets and locked up your check book, read every word of this number carefully—it may be the last one you'll ever see.

For the melancholy time of year has come again when we hear the saddest words of tongue or pen: "NO DUES, NO DOIN'S."

FOR YOUR WAR LIBRARY

Books reviewed in YANKEE DOINGS may be purchased through the Yankee Division Veterans Association at a cost which compares favorably with that asked at the book stores.

Last month a review appeared of "The Paris Gun" by Col. Henry W. Miller, who is, we understand, a professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

This month's issue contains reviews of two other war books of widespread general appeal: "I Was There" by C. LeRoy Baldridge, and "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me" by Jack Niles, Doug Moore, and "Wally" Wallgren.

Prices will be sent to members on request.

WHAT TH'?

Don't quite know whether the following is a blackhand threat, a mental test, or what have you: "You can't stay there soldier. Ever hear it? Same old stuff 12 years late."

—TOM W. BROWN (M)
(102nd Inf.)

BETWEEN OURSELVES

It is a stange thing that so many doctrines since the beginning of history have dwelled so strongly on doing the right thing either for itself alone or with hope of some dimly understood future reward, while evidence has all the time been accumulating to prove that doing the right thing pays handsomely here and now. There are any number of examples, all of which go to indicate that if any of the great teachers of ethics had been dealing with the modern hard-headed business man, they might have "sold" him by pointing out the dividend-paying properties of their stock in trade.

* * * *

Take first personal relations. You do a man out of his eye teeth and he sets himself to find the first opportunity to do likewise. This means you spend half your waking hours in avoiding the possible consequences. Do him a good turn and if he amounts to a hill of beans, you can count on him for help when you need it. Religion? perhaps so, but sound common sense as well. There comes a time to many —perhaps to most—when friendship is the only possession they have left. Health gone, money gone—if friends remain there may still be joy: without them nothing but despair.

* * * *

Then industrial relations. Labor feels that capital is pushing it too hard and putting all the profits in its own pocket; capital says it cannot keep up with competition and that labor must either work harder or accept less. Result: trouble in large bunches. If labor walks out, both parties suffer; if capital locks up ditto. Each refuses to see the other's side and both lose. What is the solution? Common sense. A little reflection on the part of shareholders that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness mean just as much to the worker as to them; a little consideration on the part of the worker that if he seeks to hog everything, the goose that lays the golden egg will lay on its back and kick up its heels. Balance sheets and statistics won't untie the knot; a fair deal will. For a time each may get less, but that is a good bit better than nothing. The right thing pays dividends.

* * * *

In the field of economics we come on the most startling proofs that what is needed is an awakened conscience rather than increased efficiency. It is not idle to assume that the time may come, with the further mechanization of industry when the world, regardless of its increased population and its higher standard of living, cannot possibly consume all that it produces, if it attempts to keep everyone at work. In some lines that condition is already at hand. We shall then be confronted with the question whether the fittest shall have the labor and the profit, leaving the others, because of their unfitness, to a life of unemployment, poverty and misery. You or I may be one of those earning (or at least receiving) a handsome income, but the problem of poverty and unemployment will be ours to solve and we will solve it or we will go down in ruin when it overwhelms us. No amount of earning ability or selfishness can then save us. Only one thing can: an awakened conscience. Hours of work must be reduced so that all may earn, or a part of the profits of those who do earn must be used to provide a living for those who do not. This will require sacrifice—human goodness—not with the thought of helping the other fellow, but of saving our own precious souls from destruction. And if giving the other fellow a square deal prevents your own ruination that seems to be a pretty fair proof that the right thing pays practical dividends.

* * * *

One last example is in the field of international relations. If deceit and dishonesty had never been known, the armaments of the world might safely be scrapped. If some way might be found to establish and maintain universal confidence in the honesty of nations, wars would end. A treaty is worth the human integrity of those who sign it and no more. If that integrity be unimpeachable that treaty is sacred. We do not here espouse honesty and integrity because they are widely accepted as abstract virtues, but because they pay profits in security and happiness, and because the lack of them makes for distrust, unhappiness and the ultimate dissolution of human society.

A "drunk," passing a subway excavation, stopped for a moment and called down to the men at the bottom of the pit:

"Shay, watcha doin' down there?"

One of the men responded: "We're building a subway."

"How long is it going to take to buil' tha' subway?"

"Eight years," came the answer.

"Eight years! (hic) to 'ell with it. I'll take a taxicab."

BOB: Do you believe in the hereafter?

BABE: Why—a—yes.

BOB: Well, how about a little necking? That's what I'm here after.

WHY HIDE YOUR LIGHT UNDER A BUSHEL?

Either Cal Coolidge or some other fella, (or perhaps both of them) once stated that he made it a practice never to do any work that someone else could do for him and do as well as he could. To which exalted sentiment your humble editor says Amen.

The best part about this number of DOINGS is that the contributors have come to bat with so much good copy that the only mental exertion on the editor's part is that needed to assemble it. There are some real writers in this outfit of ours; this isn't a case of somebody doing the job just as well, it's a case of somebody doing it a darn sight better. Where have these birds been all these years and how many more are there like them—too modest to send in their stuff.

First of all take "A Norseman's Saga" by CARL A. JENSEN (M) of Lane, South Dakota. There is a truly beautiful thing, almost alive and breathing with the legends and traditions of the Scandinavian homeland; filled with the elves and gnomes of native folk-lore; built about the common hopes and dreams of all humanity; a home, a vanquished enemy, a place to worship God; all written in a style of the most beautiful simplicity. Perhaps our judgment is faulty, but this seems to be the finest thing DOINGS has printed in many a long month.

Then, a close second, is the first installment of ENOCH HALL DOBLE'S (M) character portrayal, "Paul Chateaux, Prisoner of War." A more finished product this—carefully prepared for publication—not quite so rugged perhaps, not quite so unconsciously spontaneous, but graphic, true and colorful.

Then comes ERNEST E. FAIRBANKS'S (M) book review of "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me." Not much field, you say, for individuality in reviewing a book. Read what Comrade FAIRBANKS (M) has to say and you will change your mind. From our small knowledge of writing we'd like to make a bet that those sparkling paragraphs rolled off the pen or out of the typewriter just about as fast as fingers would travel.

Take a long breath and dive into TOM ROOSE'S (M) "Zero Hour." When you come out if you haven't been standing on a slimy parapet at gray dawn all over again, then your imagination needs to have the carbon removed. As poetry, parts of it are bad, but as a living picture of an epic hour, all its essentials ring true.

Last, but not least, "Same Old Dick" BARLOW (M), hits his old stride again in Bridgeport X.Y.D's. Raymond's (where you bot the hat) pays some fella large jack for a similar line of Uncle Eph stuff, and if you ask us "Same Old" has this pro stopped all ways.

If only every month's mail would bring in such riches, one lazy and worthless so-called editor could indulge his lifelong ambition of lying on the ground and watching the summer clouds roll by. Is such a consummation too much to be hoped for?

A NORSEMAN'S SAGA

By Carl A. Jensen (M)

I have been closely following the progress of our splendid memorial; and wish to congratulate the committee on their grand success. I only regret that my former contributions has been "but a drop in the bucket"; and I wish to give another "day's pay" to the finishing of this, our sacred monument.

Enclosed please find draft.

I should like to tell you a little story of "My Three Big Wishes Come True."

When I was a child, in the land of the melancholy Dane, my first ambition, due to unhappy domestic conditions, was to have a home of my own. But how? My childish mind worked out two courses: one could pray and one could wish. Hadn't Grandmother said "Pray, and the good Lord will provide." Praying, however, was selfish and the results uncertain, and was regarded more in the nature of begging. Only gypsies and people without any self-respect begged; but wishing was honorable. Maybe God, with the help of the little "elves" and the good little gnomes would make a home for me, for hadn't we children always put a dish of rice porridge with a lump of butter in the center, and covered with cinnamon and sugar, in the barn on Christmas eve? What did it matter if the gnome did appear in the shape of a black and white Tom cat; that was the gnome's business, wasn't it? And very considerate, too, for no one were allowed to view a gnome in his natural form, unless one wanted to become crazy.

Certain signs and rituals had to be observed when making a wish: one could do as the "Molboes" did, take a few beans and drop them into the well, either

at sunrise or sunset, and as soon as the beans were rotted, the wish would come true. This was supposed to bring quick results, but proved to be unreliable, but then, the "Molboes" were simple-minded people, and not to be taken too seriously.

Wishing on a "shooting star" was much better and had the advantage of indefinite time. One merely had to clasp his hands overhead and mutter his wish while watching a star fall. But the most unfailing system for making wishes come true was scratching a cross in the dirt with the heel of a wooden shoe whenever one passed a crossroad, spit on the ground, and make a wish. This formula was faithfully observed for some time.

Later, when I had learned some of my country's history, and found out something about the various wars of the Danes, my next ambition was to go to war and fight our old enemies, especially Germany.

True enough, the Swedes had been going to war with us, or against us, as the case might be, for centuries; but they were good sports, and we only scrapped with them to keep in trim.

Germany, on the other hand, was our "arch enemy." Had Germany not always incited the provinces to rebellion, and assisted the duchies to separate from the mother country, only to be annexed to Prussia later on.

Often did Grandmother recount how the "Pikkehues" (spiked helmets) had terrorized the countryside during the occupation in 1864; how they had run a bayonet through the belly of great grandfather, and had drowned the old priest, in the watering trough, when the two old men had refused to tell where the village horses had been hidden; and how the unspeakable Prussians had slit the throats of two farmwives, who were unable to provide the fare demanded by the soldiers.

Hence I included the wish to get a chance to fight Germany.

My first two wishes came true in 1917 and 1918, when I sold a little restaurant which I owned and with the proceeds bought a home for my mother and two small sisters; and my two brothers and I enlisted in the U. S. Army. It was my good fortune to be assigned to the 101st Sanitary Train, and I am proud to have served in the Yankee Division. After the war, I returned home with a pair of perforated ear drums and infected mastoids, for which a grateful government, generously pays me $12.00 per month; but what the hell! the war was worth the pain.

My third big wish, was in the nature of a compromise with the saints that be, in return for granting the first two wishes.

I wanted to help build a church.

Our little village had no church, and it was generally intimated by more fortunate villagers, that we were sadly in need of salvation.

The "Saga" had it; that two churches had been builded for the village, so long ago, that no one knew when, but both churches had been destroyed. The later one had been struck by a great rock, "as large," —so "Old Ann," who were conceded to be a witch,— said, "as a wagonload of manura." This was presumably thrown by a mean and disgruntled "Troll" or ogre, who dwelt underneath the old "Church-hill," where the first village had stood a thousand years or so ago; a mile or two from the present site. This same troll had shoved the first church off the hill, into the valley, and changed the course of the river.

Certainly the rock, as big as a load of fertilizer, lay there for all to see, and in a nearby gravel pit could be found human bones. Therefore it was plain that it was a poor location for a church, and in accordance with the customs of olden times it was decided to turn a yoke of oxen loose of an evening, and build a new church where the oxen were found bedded down on the next morning; which place happened to be atop a hill overlooking another village, three or four miles from the old site.

Thus our church was lost, and for centuries the poor peasants had to get to heaven as best they could. So, why not help build a church?

Little did I dream that I would have an opportunity to help build a church of far more significance. An opportunity to help erect a memorial to some of the boys I had helped bury, and at the same time, ease that lump that come up into my throat and bothers me when I think about the brave lads who died by my side in the war. A memorial to my "Buddies," and a place for worship and service to the good people of Belleau, where they may worship God and pray for the dead, and thus find surcease from their sorrows and toils and the humdrum of everyday life.

It has taken thirty years for my three wishes to come true; but what is thirty years? I am a patient and persistent Dane!

Lane, S. Dakota.
April 27, 1930.

VINDICATED

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

In regard to article by CLARENCE T. MURDOCK (M) and others in regard to your editorial stand on prohibition, Mr. Editor, congratulations. You have the spirit of the YD; not too wet; not too dry; it's the expression of a free mind; you are above suspicion. There was but one man—the Old Man—who ever was capable of curbing the boys. I have no use for a usurer. Carry on YD so beautifully as YD only.

I have been to many a YD reunion and listened to many prominent men speak. At each and every side I heard, "If those YD boys could only be organized what a powerful instrument they would be. Try it!" Power. "Try it." They are as free as the winds and as powerful and as wild as the waters. Harness that power. "Dream on, Dream on." Even our editor cannot be controlled. Beautiful and natural, I call it.

—"A BUM"

PAUL CHATEAUX, PRISONER OF WAR

By Enoch Hall Doble (M)

I

"Chateaux!" one would often hear said among the prisoners, "Oui, il est fou!"

To be sure, Paul Chateaux had his failings. But he had immediately shown himself a friend to me, and I liked him from the first. It was about the second week in July 1918, when we met. I had been taken from the farm where I had previously worked, and was brought to a chemical manufactury at a little village called Oeffentrop, nearly one hundred kilometres east of the Dutch border, where I soon discovered, I was the single English-speaking prisoner.

Having turned over my papers to the corporal of the factory guards, the guard who had escorted me from the farm then left me in the barrack of the French and Belgians, and departed. In a moment I was surrounded by frankly curious if not hostile faces.

"You are English?" one of the prisoners asked in French, while the rest crowded around me.

"No," I replied, "I am an American."

They eyed me from head to foot with obvious doubt. Some shook their heads slowly, others raised their voices in angry denial. I was about to assert my nationality once more, when from the bunk at my back a friendly voice spoke out loud and strong—

"Oui, oui, il est Americain! Je connais les Americains! Ils sont bons garcons!"

Turning, I saw a large head of unkempt red hair protruding from ragged gray blankets, then a flat, freckled nose. Above a smiling mouth, I discovered a moth-eaten attempt at a moustache, fastidiously twisted into little points at each end. Then my gaze met two sparkling wide eyes. Mischief and fun seemed to dance in the lights and shades of their gray-green depths.

"When were you captured?" he asked me, while the other prisoners, now assured of my identity, had scattered about the barrack.

When I answered, he said he too had been captured early in the spring, and had arrived here at this chemical factory only two weeks ago. He was called Paul Chateaux, he said, and now sitting up and chatting along with the open enthusiasm of a child finding a new playmate, he began to don his clothes.

He had fooled "les sales Boches" into thinking he was sick, and had slept all morning until my arrival, he bragged, as he drew on a pair of sky-blue breeches. He had won the Croix de Guerre and three citations, he stated with much pride. Most of the prisoners here had been taken in 1915 and 1916 and a few in 1914, he said, pulling on a wooden-soled shoe. They did not believe America was in the War. That was why they had doubted me, he explained, while he struggled with the other wooden-soled shoe. His shoes laced and tied, he jumped to the floor and slipped into a faded French army blouse much too small for him. The rips at the seams drew my attention to his massive size. Broad and heavy set, he stood easily five feet ten inches. Now setting his pointed blue cap jauntily on the side of his head, he suggested we go over for the noon-day meal, and following the other prisoners who were filing out from the barrack door, we walked over to the factory kitchen.

There he secured me a soup bowl and spoon, and my day's ration of black bread and as we stood in line for mangel soup, he introduced me to some of the younger French and Belgian prisoners. At the one o'clock whistle, a guard came for me and conducted me over to the factory yard, where, with some Russians, I unloaded wood from a freight car for the rest of the day. At six o'clock the factory whistle announced the end of the day's work, and Paul and I met at the kitchen again for a supper of the same mangel soup.

Returned to our barrack, Paul informed me that I would need a tick to sleep on, and immediately started in search. I took the opportunity to inspect this place in which we were to eat and sleep, and take our leisure, after ten hours' work each day. It was a large hall, high-ceilinged and spacious, with five great windows on one side, heavily barred with iron. The other three sides were filled with four-tier wooden bunks. Two long tables with benches on either side, occupied the center of the room. In one corner near a little barred window that showed the bright green leaves of an apple tree outside, were two white enamel cooking stoves and the boarded-off partition where our guard slept. Paul, reappearing with a tick stuffed full of seaweed under one arm, ventured the opinion that before the War this hall had been used by the villagers as a place for their larger social gatherings. A sort of town hall, he said, while he dragged the tick up onto his bunk in the second tier.

Carelessly crowding his neighbor's tick to the farther side, he placed mine beside his own, jumped down, and on the spur of the occasion, invited me to have a drink with him. I gladly accepted, and we passed through the abandoned pool rooms next door, over dusty piles of dried cow peas, into the beer parlor and restaurant two doors away in the same building.

As he gave his order for "zwei bock," Paul pre-

sented me to the proprietor, the kindly, white-haired, old Herr Steman, this moment as ever, with his long-stemmed German pipe in his mouth. Herr Steman had never before seen an American, but had read much about our country, he said. From a great black spigot with a nickel handle, he drew off two foaming steins of dark beer.Then with a horn rule he swept the rising foam from the top of each, and handed them over the mahogany counter. Paul and I clinked the large porcelain mugs soundly together and drank to our meeting and Herr Steman's good health.

Herr Steman slowly knocked the ashes out of his pipe. Methodically he began to refill the big porcelain bowl.

When he saw that our steins were empty, Herr Steman very hospitably filled three small glasses and treated us to a cordial of schnapps. He touched his glass to ours before we drank. Tears came to his eyes while we sipped. We reminded him of his youngest son, he said, and slowly in a monotone, he began to recite how his son had been killed at Verdun. Paul listened most sympathetically—indeed, as I afterwards learned, for previous glasses of schnapps Paul had listened to the poor old man many times before.

At nine o'clock we returned to our barrack, climbed into our bunks, and settled back for the night. By four o'clock in the morning, from sheer exhaustion I capitulated to the fleas, and slept soundly until the guard aroused us again for work at five-thirty.

II

A few days after my arrival, Paul and I were placed on the same work. With nine Russians, two men to each car, we were to unload logs from the flat cars which had been left the evening before at the factory railroad siding. Paul and I chose the last car at the farther end of the siding. For three-quarters of an hour we worked very hard, then the pace began to slacken, and soon Paul was trying his aim at various rocks and logs lying on the ground below. Next he began to try for distance, and in a short time I was doing my best to beat his longest heave.

Tiring of this pastime, Paul suddenly hit upon a brilliant idea: we would throw off the wood near the side of the car until we had a hole large enough in which, hidden from view, we could sit down at our ease. It did not take long to clear such a space, and screened by the sides of the car, we sat down to enjoy our ease. Occasionally we peeked out to see if we were observed by the "Ole Beech," as all the French called Hans Becker, the cross, old German foreman. Our plan seemed to work very nicely and for the rest of the day we sat talking and smoking cigarettes rolled from Paul's French "Commité" tobacco. As the afternoon passed our courage heightened, and we swore a solemn oath that we would not do one single stroke more of work for the Germans than was absolutely necessary, and we would do everything to hinder them.

On the next day, however, we were summoned to the office of the fiery, young Prussian corporal in charge of all the factory guards. From his chair behind a large table, he regarded us for a moment in silence. The haughty little ends of his black mustache stuck out like the points of fixed bayonets.

Suddenly, his black eyes flashing, he stated that neither of us had done a stroke of work during the entire preceding day. We only played from morning until night, he declared. Standing up, he asserted that we were trying to bring the other prisoners to our attitude. His face reddened, and waving his arms about and shouting, he stirred himself into a rage. We were trying to start a revolution among the prisoners, he bellowed.

Calming himself, he sat down again. Then, with slow, imperious tones and dictating forefinger, he announced that in case of any more trouble we would both be sent to the nearest "Straff-Kamando" or to coal mines in northern Prussia.

As Paul had attended a German agricultural school before the War, he had no difficulty in understanding every word that was said. I stole a glimpse at him during the corporal's railing. Apparently everything went in one ear and out the other. Paul was neither angry nor frightened. After leaving the office and emerging outside once again in the open air, he broke into a lively French marching song and made no reference whatever to the matter until I later brought the subject up to get my translations of some of the corporal's words straightened out.

III

Needless to say, Paul and I were never allowed to work together again. Paul was placed at one end of the factory yard, I was placed at the other. The prisoners with whom Paul was working loaded the wood thrown off at the railroad siding into steel trucks which they pushed on narrow-gauge tracks to the great rows stored up for winter. The empty truck would then be brought down again and reloaded.

As I happened to be crossing these tracks one morning a few days later, I was startled by a strange sound, becoming louder and louder.

Whoo! Whoo! Clang! Clang! Clang!

And a truck coasting swiftly down the incline nearly knocked me over. Turning quickly, I perceived Paul riding on the back. Arrived at the bottom, he jumped off, and periodically emitting a loud puffing, Choo! Choo! Choo!—with his arms stretched out straight from his shoulders and his head down between them, he dug his toes into the ground and pushed the truck down to the railroad siding for the next load. Such was his procedure for the rest of the day.

As further punishment, Paul was set to work a few days later, on top of the great wood pile, which was stored up in high rows for the winter. This pile consisted of split logs, about five feet long, put up

in many steps. The hand trucks with which Paul had before been working brought the wood to the ground step, prisoners on the ground step moved the wood to the step above, and so on up to the top. Paul had a special dislike for this work, since it necessitated continual bending down for a log at his feet, straightening up again, and then reaching high above his head to place the log on the next row above. Nevertheless, there was one advantage,—one might work as slowly as he desired. For "le vieux Becker," as the old foreman was sometimes called, and the rest of the Germans must give their undivided attention to seeing that eight retorts were filled each day.

I was busy loading wood onto the trucks which we pushed over between two immense iron cage-like affairs, called "Korbs," into which four men unloaded our wood. The "Korbs," also on tracks, were in turn shoved into great steel retorts encased in brick and heated by furnaces. The massive, steel doors of the retorts were then sealed air-tight with wet clay, and strongly bolted. The juices of the wood were distilled off with water, and from the mixture were made vinegar and alcohol, leaving only charcoal, which was shipped away for other uses.

Up on the next to the top row of the wood pile, Paul was in sight of the entire factory yard. During the whole day I did not see him move one piece of wood. When I asked him after work that evening how much he had piled, he answered with a round grin and very serious pride, that he had only moved three sticks for "les sales vaches." Yet it seemed to me that he had spent almost as much energy as the work itself could have been, in twisting and turning about to make sure that his idleness was unobserved.

(*To be continued*)

THE APRIL SMOKER

The April Smoker of the YD Club of Boston on the evening of the 24th offered a departure from the recent series of splendid motion pictures which have been presented at these occasions, and a return to the field of illustrated lectures.

The guest speaker of the evening was Dr. George Burgess McGrath, for many years medical examiner of Suffolk County, and recognized nationally as a highly trained specialist in determining the causes of deaths under suspicious circumstances. Dr. McGrath is further accepted as a criminologist of distinction and has rendered invaluable aid to the State in helping to unriddle many famous murder problems. His talk, illustrated by slides, dealt with five or six of the more interesting cases in which he has figured, and carried the listeners along from his first viewing of the unfortunate victim, through the examination of all the surroundings, until a plausible reconstruction of the death situation could be visualized, and the true explanation given. For all those who have a fondness for stories of crime detection and apprehension (and we confess to such a weakness), Dr. McGrath's talk provided interest equal to that to be found in the latest tales of Van Dyne or Fletcher. And better than theirs, his stories were true ones. After the meeting, Dr. McGrath found himself the center of an interested group of questioners and apparently took great pleasure in telling stories for over an hour and a half to the delight of his listeners.

The meeting opened in the usual manner, President EASTMAN (M) reading a list of those of the Division whose death has become known since the preceding meeting, following which a minute's silent tribute was paid them by all present.

Mr. Rogers, Executive Secretary of the Massachusetts Bay Tercentenary Committee, spoke briefly on the plans for the big events of the coming summer, and was most optimistic in his prediction that when Massachusetts and Boston went on exhibition they would make the rest of the world sit up and take notice.

Major JUDSON HANNIGAN (M), with all due respect for Dr. McGrath, was perhaps the hit of the evening. Our old friend Jud has to be in form, and when he is there is no one who can even tie him at putting over a red hot speech. That night he was in form—and how! He spoke as a member of the Speakers Committee of the National Convention Corporation of the American Legion, and if the rest of the committee are like Jud, all the other committees might as well disband, for the Convention will be a success without them.

To round out the evening's program, EVERETT CASWELL (M) had succeeded in obtaining Sandow, known as "the world's strongest man," who did his stuff. Said stuff consisted of tearing a pack of cards in quarters with apparently the greatest of ease, of various dental calisthenics which we do not recommend as a part of your daily toilet, such a pulling a twelve-inch spike out of an 8x8 beam of hard pine with his teeth. Great stuff for a little fella (he's only about 5 feet 4 inches.) During the nail-pulling stunt the beam was held down by BEN JAMES (M) AL BARNARD (M), JUD HANNIGAN (M) none of whom weighs less than 175, and another member whose identity slips our mind for the minute. Before the spike gave way, these four stalwarts came near finding themselves suspended in mid air with Mr. Sandow's incisors, bicuspids and molars as their sole visible means of support.

All in all, it was a sort of three-ring circus evening without a dull moment.

WHAT WAS SAID IN THE ARMISTICE CAR

The following brief account of the events leading up to the armistice was copied from a bulletin posted near the actual spot where the negotiations took place by a member of the 37th Division, and sent to YANKEE DOINGS by JOHN MACNEIL (M) (102nd M. G. Bn.).

According to the authority of the man who copied the account, it is absolutely authentic and is mainly drawn from statements made by Herr Erzberger, German Minister of State.

The overtures for the Armistice began on the 4th of October, 1918, on the initiative of Prince Max of Baden, Chancellor of the German Empire, by an appeal to Mr. Wilson, President of the United States . . . During the previous two months the situation of the German nation and army had been changing rapidly. General Ludendorf, First Quarter-Master General of the German Armies, had admitted that his last reserves were used up, that the troops were weary and demoralized, and that the first occasion should be taken to ask the Allies for Peace.

The increasing use of tanks by the Allies and the arrival in great numbers of fresh American re-enforcements rendered further fighting impossible; negotiation necessary.

On the other hand, the interior situation of Germany was becoming more critical every day; the population was suffering from hunger, troubles were breaking out in all quarters, and people were beginning to demand the abdication of the Kaiser.

Accordingly, the Chancellor decided to open negotiations with the object of ending the war. President Wilson immediately insisted on the cessation of all submarine warfare, and demanded serious guarantees against any re-opening of hostilities.

Time was pressing, so the Minister Erzberger was named to form a mission and to proceed to ask for an armistice on even the worst terms.

The German Mission was composed as follows:

Minister of State Erzberger, President;
Major-General von Winterfeldt;
Minister Plenipotentiary Count von Oberndor;
Commander Vanselow;

To whom were added Captain Geyer of General Head-Quarters, and Cavalry Captain von Helldorf, interpreter.

On the 7th of November the mission left, from Spa in Belgium, arriving in the evening at Chimay; the roads were at times blocked by troops retreating in very bad order. In order to allow the mission to pass over the actual front, the command was given to "cease fire" for several hours. The first car carried a large white flag, and a trumpeter who called continuously. On arriving at La Capelle, where ran the French lines, the mission changed into French cars. Each plenipotentiary had his own car, accompanied by a French officer. At Hombleres, a village near Saint-Quentin, the convoy was met by General Debeney, who offered supper to the German envoys, remarking that they would have the same menu as were having the French generals and soldiers that same evening—soup, salt meat and peas.

At Tergnier, a railhead nearby, a special train was waiting, with the windows of the cars securely covered. At seven o'clock in the morning, the 8th November, the train arrived at the station of Compiegne-Rethondes, in the forest of Compiegne. The train was then side-tracked at a cross-roads in the forest, on the territory of the town of Compiegne, a few yards from the carriage of Marechal Foch, which had been stationed there since the previous evening.

The meeting took place that day, in the "office-car" of Marechal Foch.

At nine o'clock in the morning, when the German envoys had been led into his car, Marechal Foch entered, and gave the military salute. . . . Herr Erzberger presented the members of his mission, after which the Marechal presented the officers who accompanied him:

Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, First Lord of the British Admiralty.
Rear-Admiral Hope.
Chief of Staff for Marechal Foch, General Weygand.

Herr Erzberger then presented his credentials, and the Marechal retired to another compartment to examine them. In a few moments he was back, and addressing himself to Herr Erzberger:

"What is the object of your visit?"

ERZBERGER.—We have come to receive the propositions of the Allied Powers relative to the conclusion of an armistice on sea, land and in the air, on all fronts and in the colonies.

THE MARSHAL (coldly)—I have no propositions to make to you.

OBERNDORF (interrupting)—We desire to find out what are the conditions under which the Allies would consent to an armistice.

THE MARSHAL (rather sharply)—I have no conditions to make.

ERZBERGER (timidly)—Nevertheless, President Wilson . . .

THE MARSHAL—I am here to listen to you, if you are asking for an armistice . . . Are you asking for

an armistice? If you are asking it, I can let you know the conditions under which it can be obtained.

ERZBERGER and OBERNDORF (together)—Ja.

Everyone then sat down, and General Weygand read the text prepared by the Allied Governments.

ERZBERGER—May I communicate these propositions to my government?

THE MARSHAL—You can send them by special courrier.

ERZBERGER—By reason of the difficulties of communication, I ask that the 72-hours limit for the reply be extended 24 hours.

THE MARSHAL—The time-limit of 72 hours has been set by the Allied Governments. It must be maintained. I will await your reply until the 11th of November at 11 o'clock in the morning, French time.

During all this conversation, the Marshal was as calm as a statue. The English Admiral played with his monocle; the Germans appeared helpless and discouraged . . . The sitting had lasted three quarters of an hour.

Captain von Helldorf left immediately for Spa with the text of the armistice, and had the greatest possible difficulty in crossing the German lines. By the time he arrived great events had taken place; the Emperor had abdicated, and the direction of governmental affairs had been left to Herr Ebert.

The Republic had been proclaimed . . . The new Government took cognizance of the conditions imposed by the Allies and, under certain reserves, wired to the German mission to accept. However, the wireless message ended thus: "If you cannot obtain these attenuations, you must conclude an armistice just the same."

A second and last meeting of the plenipotentiaries took place during the night of the 10-11th November. The negotiations lasted until five o'clock in the morning; at which hour the Germans, in desperation, resigned themselves and signed.

Marshal Foch and Admiral Wemyss signed first, followed by the German plenipotentiaries.

The conditions of the Armistice were very hard; the Germans accepted with difficulty the occupation of the left bank of the Rhine, and the non-liberation of the prisoners of war.

Besides, Germany was obliged to retrocede Alsace-Lorraine, and to deliver over immediately 5,000 cannons, 25,000 machine guns, 3,000 trench mortars, 1,700 airplanes, 5,000 locomotives, 150,000 railway cars, 5,000 motor trucks, all the ships of their battle fleet, and to retire all troops from her colonies.

The German mission left the forest of Compiegne at 11 o'clock a.m. on the 11th of November, in the train which had brought them. At Tergnier the envoys took possession of their automobiles.

The length of the Armistice had been set at 36 days; but this period had to be prolonged. Three reunions were held the 13th December, the 16th January, and 16th February, at Treves, in the same "office-car" that had been used in the forest of Compiegne.

Peace was finally signed the 28th of June 1919 at Versailles.

LEGION NATIONAL CONVENTION

Although DOINGS does not profess to be able to give the National Convention of the American Legion anything like the space that its importance deserves, yet, as Boston is the birthplace of the 26th Division, and we will, in a sense be hosts to the veterans of the rest of the country, some of the outstanding developments in the plans for the convention will be noted from month to month.

The Publicity Committee of the National Convention Corporation of which PAUL H. HINES is Chairman, publishes a weekly bulletin from which the following facts are gathered.

The airplane New Arbella, bearing the invitation to "come to Boston" to 65 of the largest cities of the country has completed its good will flight, and has doubtless set many a home talking of Legion and Boston in October.

During Convention Week no Massachusetts Legionnaire will be housed in any Boston hotel. The Housing Committee through which all reservations must be made will not provide housing for Massachusetts men. They should be able to secure accommodations with friends outside the city within easy striking distance of Boston.

Not only in housing will this provision be carried out, for visiting Legionnaires will be given precedence in parade stands and at all social functions and gatherings during the Convention. Boston, Massachusetts, is the host. All Legionnaires are guests of honor to us. They will be treated as such.

Prospects for entertainment of visiting Legionnaires are growing daily. Reports are received of towns and cities appropriating money for entertainment of the visitors in those places during the Convention visit. Each town or city is arranging its own particular form of program. So it is apparent that practically every city and town within a radius of 50 miles of Boston and many outside that area will have its own featured program for the Legionnaires and their friends.

Our various Committees still continue active, the past week featuring meetings of the following Committees, Postal Affairs, William B. Carlin, chairman; Entertainment, Richard F. Paul, chairman; Badges

and Trophies, Norman Singer, chairman; Parade, Dr. William H. Griffin, chairman; Housing, Raymond C. Brackett, chairman; and Disabled Veterans Hospitality, Walter Brown, chairman. All are making excellent progress.

"Old Ironsides," otherwise the historic frigate U.S.S. Constitution, one-time queen of the United States Navy, will once again ride the billows, under sail, at re-dedication exercises, scheduled to be a part of the program for the Legion Convention.

The old ship will be re-dedicated, under the plans, at the Charlestown Navy Yard, with suitable ceremonies, after which the Constitution with sails set once again will be escorted down the harbor by a fleet of ships from the U. S. Navy and hundreds of yachts from Massachusetts yacht clubs. It will be a most picturesque sight.

Specific plans for an all YD Reunion during Convention Week are not yet sufficiently formulated to give out. The YD Club will of course be headquarters for YD men to make themselves known, but the proposition of securing a place where all the veterans of the Division may meet at one time—when there may be 10,000 of them in town—cannot be solved in a minute. However, some way will be found so that old friends can meet again under the YD banner.

104th CELEBRATES APREMONT DAY AT GLOUCESTER

Chalk up another victory for the fightingest unit in the old A. E. F. This is the twelfth annual victory since the Armistice, and whereas other units have been successful in a foreign country we are now successful in God's country. Battle of Springfield, Pittsfield, Westfield, Greenfield, Boston, Cambridge, Northampton, Holyoke, and now Gloucester. We used to say, "Join the Army and See the World," but I say join the 104th Veterans Association and get acquainted with your own state. In the words of our old friend Coué, "Year by Year, in Every Way, They Get Better and Better."

A brief synopsis may give you stay-at-homers a glimpse of what a good time was had by all. I understand that over seven hundred registered. Friday night Company banquets, that need no further explanation to anyone who has ever attended one, followed by a grand ball at the Armory, and believe me, buddy, they have the swellest-looking baby dolls you ever lamped in Gloucester. The orchestra stopped playing at 1.00 o'clock and from then until daybreak each group had their own particular dissipation. At the Rockaway Hotel where your correspondent was billeted, crap, poker, and similar pastimes were in order. Incidentally there was the finest get-together and re-hashing of old times in the lobby that you ever were a party to. Such stories—like tales of fishing, they improve with age. At four bells in the morning the familiar cry of "Boat Drill," awakened those who attempted sleep, and reveille was sounded shortly afterwards.

The Convention was run off like anything but a 104th meeting. It was too orderly, in short, there were evidences of the old steam roller. It seemed more like a Rotarian Convention. The bright spot of the morning was the reading of a letter brought by Ted Noyes (M) from the Mayor of Apremont. Incidentally, I might say that Ted certainly has a wonderful ability to make friends, he was hobnobbing with the Chief of Police all through the night and it was only when the probation officer arrived in the morning that they parted company.

The letter follows:

The Mayor of Apremont-la-Foret to Mr. Edwin (Ted) Noyes (M).

It is for me a great pleasure to answer your gentle request—A great joy and also a duty.

I never can thank, too much, in the name of the commune of Apremont-La-Foret, the brave soldiers of the 26th American Division and especially the 104th Infantry, who really contributed in the deliverance of our village.

Our American friends were not bound to give their aid, after having given their blood, but they gave their bit for the reconstruction of our little city.

Also, we have never forgotten you here:—Everything is a reminder of your generous presence—The village square is named "Place d'Holyoke," in memory of the city of that name in Massachusetts (Our sponsor of the War.) The Main Street is the Rue "Belle Skinner," given this honor in memory of the great friend of the commune, a woman with a big heart. There is also a memorial placque in the center of the town, in the neighborhood of where some of the brave young men of America and the 104th Infantry fell for our deliverance. Now Apremont is rising from its ruins—slowly—very slowly. However, where is the Apremont of before the war? It is a very diminished Apremont! The last vestiges of the Great War falls in ruins—the trenches fill and the dug-outs collapse. The elements will soon efface the rest of this plague with which we had to battle during four long years. But if the elements in reason of nature have not taken in our hearts a memory of our grand American friends will rest always engraved with the word:

("Reconnaissance")

Gratitude

I wish you sir an excellent voyage and I pray you to transmit to your compatriots our very best wishes.

Believe my very devoted sentiments

The Mayor

L. CHANOIS

A delicious fish chowder dinner was served with lots of seconds. Non-coms did not have the right of way—buck privates being served first. The parade, although a trifle lengthy, was about the right duration on account of the weather. This was made more colorful by the Haverhill Legion Post and also by aerial activity overhead, an exhibition of gunnery by the 102nd Field Artillery. It was so real one died with shell-shock.

The next thing on the program was a sail along the shore as far north as Thatchers' Light and then to Marblehead and back to Gloucester. Three revenue cutters followed us the whole distance and to those who thought the 104th was not getting a break I would say that the presence of these boats was made necessary because it was against the law to take as many passengers without a sufficient number of life preservers. The cutters were simply standing by in the event of a catastrophe. When the boat docked there was a grand scramble to get back on dry land, and one buddy slipped, and if it had not been for a spectator, he might have taken his Saturday night bath a little prematurely.

The show in the evening was censored by the Watch and Ward, and I regret to state that it was not up to the standard. Who invited those birds down there anyway? There was one outstanding event that overshadowed everything else, and that is the fact that the citizens of Gloucester, in looking for the best man to serve them as mayor, picked one who served in the 104th. I congratulate them on their wisdom and say to other cities that if they want their affairs administered efficiently and capably, that they go and do likewise.

Well, Gang—one more milestone to those of us who have attended each reunion, our only object in living is to be present at the next one and until then . . . Au Revoir . . .

—E. A. HOLMES (M)

SEICHEPREY DAY IN CONNECTICUT

New Haven

Veterans of the 102nd Infantry joined with the New Haven units of the new 102nd, C.N.G. on April 19, in memory of the Battle of Seicheprey. The ceremony consisted of a street parade and memorial services on the Green.

Captain DANIEL W. STRICKLAND, adjutant of the First Battalion of the 102nd Infantry during the battle and former peace time chaplain of the regiment, was the principal speaker at the memorial services. Captain MARTIN F. DORAN, who succeeded Captain STRICKLAND as captain, pronounced the benediction after wreaths were placed on the Honor Roll at the Green.

No banquet was held in New Haven this year.

Norwalk

A banquet was held on the evening of April 19, at the Elks Club Auditorium in Norwalk, under the auspices of the YD Club of Norwalk. Many veterans of the 102nd, with their womenfolk enjoyed an evening of dancing and entertainment, following the dinner.

Waterbury

Col. "HIKIN' HIRAM" BEARSS was the principal speaker at a banquet held in the Hotel Waterbury on the evening of April 19, which was attended by 102nd veterans from New Haven, Hartford, Torrington, Meriden and Ansonia.

The introduction of Col. BEARSS was greeted with enthusiastic applause by the veterans of the regiment at the celebration. The war-time commander, while admitting many of the lapses which brought him into ill repute with the soldiers under his command during their days in France, gained new credit through his frankness and willingness to admit that he was not the most lovable commander the regiment had. One fact which struck all the men who had served under him was the apparent youth of their former commander. As many expressed it, he appeared to be younger than any other member of the regiment, although during the war he had seemed 10 years older.

Col. BEARSS recalled many amusing and humorous incidents occurring during his days with the 102nd. He was strong in his praise of the regiment, saying that whenever he gave an order to a member of the 102nd, he was sure that it would be carried out.

Ansonia

On Easter Sunday, April 20, Seicheprey Day was honored by a parade of two companies of Connecticut National Guard, three Legion Posts which were named after YD men, two posts of Veterans of Foreign Wars, YD Post, Legion Auxiliary, Legion Boy Scouts and Drum Corps. Col. CHARLES LOCKHART (E Co., 102nd Inf.) was speaker of the day, and N. V. JECUSCO (M) acted as Chaplain.

The annual dinner-dance of the YD Club of Washington was held Tuesday evening, April 29, at the Army, Navy and Marine Corps Country Club, in Arlington, Virginia. As usual, the party was a great success in every way, due principally to the well-known ability of Congressman BILLY CONNERY (M) as Master of Ceremonies. The seventy guests present were seated at a long table formed as a giant horseshoe running around three sides of the room, leaving one end and the center for dancing and the activities of the Entertainment Committee. Joe Goodman and his famous Earle Theatre orchestra furnished music for singing and dancing. The soup was brought on at about eight o'clock and the entertainment started at the same time. YD song books had been distributed and the voices of Senators, Representatives, Generals, privates, and ladies blended in several of the songs that were wont to shorten the last long mile in France. The Congressmen present were grouped in duets, trios and quartets, and rendered verse after verse of "Parley voo" in a manner which proved conclusively that Congress is a wonderful voice-training institution. The dinner proceeded slowly from one enjoyable course to another while BILLY CONNERY (M) kept the entertainment kettle boiling. There were solos, duets, and choruses.

Mrs. James W. Boyer, Jr., sang the "Long, Long Trail." Representative Clark Burdick of Rhode Island, with the able assistance of Miss Tandé sang "Pack Up Your Troubles." BILLY CONNERY (M), also assisted by Miss Tandé, sang "Madelon" first in French and then in "doughboy" style, and Congressmen CONNERY (M) and REECE, two infantrymen, sang the "Artillery Song."

Among the skits presented were, "Cheerio, Germany's End," a burlesque of "Journey's End." This was played by Col. GLASSFORD (M), as Captain Stanhope, Captain FENTON (M) as a YD doughboy, and BILL NICHOLSON (M) as a defunct boche. In this skit GLASSFORD stepped outside a doorway (representing the door of the dugout) and fired a few pistol shots every few minutes. This door opened onto the roof of the locker room which is only a few feet above the ground. The first time he stepped out and started his barrage there were three darkies sitting on the far edge of the roof with their backs to the door. At the first shot they tumbled off and started running and, according to word received by radio, they passed through Alexandria, five miles away, five minutes later.

Then came "On the Road to Verdun," in which Congressman REECE, as a YD doughboy returning from the hospital, tried to find out from Col. GLASSFORD (M), as a French soldat, how to get to Verdun. He had no luck and finally gave up in disgust, telling the frog to go to hell.

Mrs. E. G. Bliss gave a demonstration of fancy whistling that had all the birds in the country backed off the boards.

No program would be complete without its "Big Moment in History." JOE QUINLAN (M) the great international broadcasting station "A.E.F." stepped up to the microphone and announced that a scene representing the feeling of the YD when General EDWARDS (LM) was relieved of command in France would be enacted. He introduced BILLY CONNERY (M) as Chief of Staff of the Division. Billy told the audience he was going to introduce the new Division Commander, and the gang was all primed. RAY QUEENIN (M) as General Umpty Ump was introduced. Every time he started to speak he was razzed and shouted down. "Men of the 26th Division . . ." razz, boo, etc. Finally a shot rang out and QUINLAN (M) announced to the radio audience, "You have just listened to the welcome accorded the late successor to General EDWARDS."

Representative Edith Nourse Rogers, Col. GLASSFORD (M), Captain FENTON (M), and JOHN FAHEY of Boston put on, "The Zilch Family." In this skit the whole family is deaf and dumb, so BILLY CONNERY (M) interpreted their conversation for the audience. It turns out at the end that Old Man Zilch (FENTON) (M) went down town to the drug store twenty-five years ago. He just got back, and explained that it took him all this time to find a place to park his car. Mrs. Rogers, as Mrs. Zilch displayed great linguistic ability in the deaf and dumb lingo.

Congressman A. PIATT ANDREWS (HM) and BILLY CONNERY (M) put on a skit which, for want of a better name, might be called, "By the Stretch of an Eyebrow." It was entirely pantomime. (Imagine two congressmen going through an act without speaking.) Andrews plucked a hair from Billy's eyebrow.

He balanced it on his nose and then they stretched it until it was long enough to jump rope with. That went fine until Billy tripped over it and nearly fell. Then they stretched it some more and made a tight rope of it. The congressman from the fishing village held the audience in breathless suspense while he made his way across. The eyebrow whisker was then, with a great deal of effort, put back in its original shape and replaced.

"The Big-Hearted Rating Board" showed what a poor, badly-wounded doughboy got from the Veterans Bureau. At the special request of Congressman WILLIAM P. CONNERY, JR., (M) of Massachusetts, Col. GLASSFORD (M) induced the rating board, JIM BOYER, JOE QUINLAN (M) and NATE GOLDEN (M) who, by a strange coincidence happened to be present, to hold a special hearing then and there. CONNERY (M) produced his doughboy (RAY QUEENIN) (M) who answered to the name of Wladislaw Kusiosky Zimbesky but who fought under the name of Mike O'Brien because the top sergeant couldn't be bothered with the other name. The board produced form No. C76F243CC26102 and the hearing was on. Although the doughboy seemed to have been shot with everything, including locoweed, the board found that his condition was more of an inability than a disability and gave him a rating of 9.95% or less than the 10% minimum compensable rating.

Mr. Greenwood who helps Congressman Fenn look after the interests of Hartford County, Connecticut, repeated, word for word, a speech delivered twenty-five years ago by the leading candidate for the office of president of the "Mystic Knights of the Sea." The speech contained all the long words in the dictionary and a great many that can't be found in any dictionary.

Speeches were few, short, and interesting. Senator Dale spoke for the Senate and Congressman Fenn for the House of Representatives. Both expressed high regard for the Yankee Division and its beloved Commander.

JOHN FAHEY (101st Inf.) of Boston was introduced by Congressman CONNERY (M) and spoke about the needs of the disabled and what they hoped Congress would do for them.

Among the guests present were, Lt. Col. KARL TRUESDELL, who was Divisional Signal Officer at Seicheprey (he is now Budget Officer of the War Department), Lt. Col. Creed F. Cox, who commanded the 77 F. A. which was attached to the Yankee Division for rations at St. Mihiel, and Miss Katherine Sutherland, daughter of former Senator Sutherland and sister-in-law of Bucky Harris the man who put Washington on the baseball map a couple of years ago.

A telegram from the Old Man, expressing his regret at his inability to be present was read by the president. General Edward's presence was the only thing lacking at the party. That would have made it 100%.

R. J. Q. (M)

THE ZERO HOUR

By Thomas W. Roose (M)

They stood on the line at the Zero Hour
Facing the might of the Kaiser's power
On the brink of eternity looking back
Over a mountain they called a pack.
There were empty stomachs, and clammy hands
Holding rifles with ice cold bands.
Here blended the earthly with things divine
On the edge of nothing that marked a line,
Where the God of Chance set the limits of time
Perhaps on a bullet as big as a dime,
In the foggy dawn of a fatal day
Every man there wished far away.
No fur clad throngs of a holiday mob
Cheered them encouragement—led by a snob.
They had the courage to go—but the hope to stay
On this good old earth just for one more day:
Private, and captain, and busy non-coms
With bayonets fixed and a ballast of bombs.

The captain had come from a steam-heated camp
Where the I. D. R. was the light of a lamp
That relied on the tactics of Malvern Hill
To roll back the armies of Kaiser Bill.
Pale as the light of a Northern star
His eyes were fixed on the things afar;
With nerves unshattered by boom and crack
Like those of his men who had had their whack.
What he didn't know would fill a book
And the hand that held it most visibly shook.
He had leather puttees and a polished Sam Browne
That he didn't know were only for town.
But non-coms who knew were standing by
And would obey though they had to die
As he fingered a list of essential store
Headquarters had written, besides a lot more.

"Five minutes to go," the corporal bawled.
"Where's that runner the captain just called?"
"Our Father" comes from one group.
"Say, Cap., two birds has flew the coop."
"Write them forever down with those
Whom Honor called, but Dishonor chose."
"Yes, Cap., and their hunks of bread
I'll divvy with two what's almost dead;
That's me and a guy what's got sore feet
A'cause of this diet of monkey meat."

"Four minutes more," the corporal cries,
"Say, where's the rest of those bombing guys?"
"Hail, Mary," mutters a pale-faced youth,
"Blessed are they who hold the truth."
"A detail to carry machine gun stuff."
"They ain't any, Cap., that's all a bluff."
"Three minutes more." "Repose of my soul."
"I'll knock you and your pal for a goal."
"Well-tromblons and rifle grenades, my man?"
"Search me, Cap., but I'll find what I can."
"Well, where are the flags and the V. B. lights,
And the one-pound cannon with telescope sights?"
"That's all in your eye, they never were hatched;
Some guy with the cooties wrote that while he scratched."
"Well, we never can go; our orders forbid."
"Like hell we can't, Cap., we always did."

"Two minutes more—Line up, line up."
"Thy will be done—I take the cup."
"Say, Sarge, this guy here has fell in a fit."
"I'll cure him with the back of me mitt."
"Now, has all you guys got First Aid kits?"
"All except me, Sarge, and I've a rash on me mitts;
Please give me a ticket to go to the rear
Where the doctors and nurses can give me good care!"
"Oh, yes, me sweet boy, when this shindig is through,
But till then I'll be more than a mother to you."

"Hey, you with the laundry: What number yer want?"
"This ain't no laundry, you misguided runt;
I'm the signal corps detail what looks after you
When nobody knows where you've wandered off to."
"Yes, Sarge, he's the dicky bird's guard
And he'll give you your eggs either scrambled or hard.
They ought to promote him for dog-robbing a bird,
He's trained it to swear worse than ever you heard."
"Say, what's eating you—another wise crack
And I'll lay you on the flat of your back;
And that holds good for you, and for you
Who haven't the brains to do what I do.
I'm the Last Chance Guy who will do his stuff
When most of you guys will have had enough."

An East Side pedler polishing bombs
Muttered, "They're fresh and all number ones;
But I'd swap 'em all to be to-day
With the short-change artists on Old Broadway."
While a youth who dreamed of a Croix de Guerre
Kept trying his bayonet over a hair,
And a South Boston boy with carrotty hair
Spat on his hands and began to swear:
"I kin lick 'em all—Lead me to the slaughther
Some guy over there's playing "The Bilin' Wather."

"Soldiers—A word before we start
The coward dies though he shirk his part;
Only the Hero shall write his name
On the cenotaph of Undying Fame.
In the years to come they will still the Mart
In honor of those who have borne their part—"
"Say, Cap., chuck that cheerio stuff,
We're sick'n tired of all that old guff.
We been offered ever'thin' 'cept sumpin' to eat
And a place to lie down that wasn't a street.
You can say what you like, but what we do know
Is insuring ourselves plays hell with our dough.
When you take ten berries from thirty-three bucks
The chicken feed left ain't worth saying 'Aw, shucks'.
We're willing to die without any hot air
For the land that is free to the millionaire,
But we ain't too pleased with our part in the show;
It's a hell of a army, but 'Let's Go!' "

And over the top they scramble fast;
For not a man there would be the last.
And non-coms are swearing and holding them back
As the one-pounders open and rifles crack,
And machine guns come on with a steady rat-tat
That isn't alarming—but does it at that;
And green and yellow the rockets glare
To hurl the barrage on the men who dare.
And shells are bursting as the tall captain raves
To keep the alignment of those ten-metre waves,
And thinks of the glory and marble and fame
That the future unfolding will carve with his name.

And after the battle the grave diggers came
Anxious to finish and start a crap game.
But they did their best to get the names right
Before they were hidden forever from sight.
But, of course, it wasn't the easiest job
To tell which was which in all that great mob,
Where the signal corps man still clasped to his breast
The pigeon that never went back to her nest;
What was left of the captain could be put in a sack
If anyone wanted to carry it back.
But what was the use, they were equal at last
For distinctions and honors were things of the past.

So perhaps the captain sleeps beneath
The corporal's cross and iron wreath;
And the sergeant at last has made the grade
He never would have without Congress's aid
And has the Sam Browne, and leather puttees
Just thrown in to cover the sight of those knees
Where a shell had burst and shattered the bone
As he doggedly stumbled on all alone

Still tightly clutching the names of those
Whom Honor called but Dishonor chose.
And the Chaplain read them, but let them fall,
"Some one," he said, "must judge us all,
And I know that the angels hold only the names
Of those who were lucky, and nobody blames."

BRIDGEPORT X.Y.D's.

By Dick Barlow (M)

All I know is just what I see around the old Nutmeg State, unless ERIC ERICKSON (LM) starts a'draggin' me up to the YD affairs like he has been a'doin', and I want to tell you file-closers and detail-dodgers that you missed a bang-up good meetin' and you come mighty close to missing one of the world's famous speeches. Somethin' I calculate, men, would have gone down in history with Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, but I seen how them fellers in the rear there were a'razzing such orators and hard workers as RALPH EASTMAN (M) and them other fellers who was a'gittin' up quite often, why I just did'en have the nerve to get up and make the speech that I had writ up and practiced on for several weeks, en another thing was they didn't ask for no speeches like I had figured on they would when they 'lected me to the big office what they did, but anyhow t'was you fellers loss and I never paid much for the speech anyhow.

It was surely a pleasure to meet DAVE SWARTZ but he should not have kept me up talking like he did till 3 a.m. cause he should o' known as how I ain't used to late hours no more, en then Eric—he figured the trip was well worth while for he met Lieut. PAUL H. HINES of L Company of that old cent-deux infantry. Paul, he lives up around Boston and is in the newspaper game.

TED NOYES (M) received the ovation he deserved and sure keeps his good looks and young face. CARROLL SWAN (LM) he put the old pep in the meetin' and will make a ring-tailed humdinger of a President.

I hooked a ride over to New Haven tother day and they was a'celebratin' what they called Seicheprey Day. You know t'was in memory of the time some fellows from here in Connecticut had quite a scrap with some German fellers, over the question of whether the 102nd was "Militia" or "Soldiers" and the "Soldiers" won out. The ceremony is an annual one now, but this year there was no party at night due to Norwalk YD Club having a dance and up at Waterbury they were a'havin' some sort of a shindig, too.

Land sakes, the fellows I met a'marchin' around there in their uniforms would a'warmed the cuckels of any YD'ers heart. There was Tony, I mean Lieut. A. R. TETA, a'leadin' the band what had 102nd Infantry marked all over the big drum what the fello plays that marches in the rear. You know, just like you seen 'em over there. Then in that same band was some fellers what fit all thru the recent guerre. One was TONY OKRASKA, another was MORRIS REUBIN, and another was ALEX KORVEK, en them boys can play music like nobody's business. Teta, he's a busy chap and a hard worker for the old YD. Among his many positions are leader 102nd Infantry Band, Adjutant of the American Legion, Secretary of the YD Club and head of the Ideal Printing Co. He lives 207 South Orange Street, New Haven.

Well, the fellers marched up around the monument on New Haven Green and who steps out of the ranks to introduce the speaker but Serg't JOSEPH T. MARINAN of the old 101st Machine Gun Battalion and who does he introduce as speaker of the day but Chaplain DANIEL STRICKLAND, only he is a Captain in the Reserve now. He gave a fine talk to the boys and to the folks what was a'standin' round like and I seen litle drops of water on some of the eyes and some had kinda droopin' heads like, en it is too bad more men do not turn out for this, a sacred memorial service to those who went "West."

Well you know in the parade was a lot of fellers with blue overseas caps, trimmed in white like, and they had big Norwalk YD's all over them caps and under the caps I found such fellers as HENRY WOODS of D Co. of the 102nd, FRED H. MILLER, ARTHUR JOHNSON and others all of the same outfit.

Then there was OSCAR CINQUE of the 102nd Band, and HARRY FREAR, a'marchin' along with the same fellers and it appears all these fellers used to be from New Haven but married Norwalk gals.

TOMMIE WHITE of C Co. 102nd Infantry was the leadin' man in the marchin', cause he is the President of the YD fellers what live up around New Haven.

And say, up around that New Haven Armory I seen such signs as "New Haven GREYS" Organized 1816 — "BLUES," organized 1828 — "Haggerty Guards," "Service Company, 102nd Infantry," "Sarsfield," etc., and many other things of interest to old timers and what will go down in history as fightin' outfits like the old 69th and them other fellers what had sort of a rainbow like on one shoulder.

A'marchin' at New Haven was Major HENRY BEEBE, HERMAN KOSSACK of the 102nd Infantry, Serg't ALBERT HERMAN of D Co., 102nd Infantry and ARTHUR BOOTH of D Co., 102nd Infantry. Albert Herman, you know, was the feller what had a big medal pinned on him and he got a couple of

kisses from some French officer, cause it said on this here medal something about a D.S.C.

Kinder looked for CHARLIE COMFORT but neither he nor CHARLIE WILKERSON were to be found and DOC SPRAGUE (M) was also among the missin'.

Colonel BEARSS, a former Marine Colonel, who commanded one of our regiments at St. Mihiel, was the officer of the day at the Waterbury celebration, and when the picture was took I seen in the papers Major SHANAHAN was a'standing in the middle.

POP (CHARLES) BRINDLE at Rockville heard from "PUNK" DAVIS, and who'd a thunk it: he is some sort of a professor up in Holten County, Maine. Probably he is professor of spudology. It says on his letter heads as how the Davis Agencies for Educational Placement Service are at Boston and also at Bangor, Maine, so if any of you young fellers need a school marm, why just send him a note, only his right name is HOWARD P. DAVIS.

Just met GEORGE OPPENHEIMER down at Fairfield and he tells of just completing his course in first aid work in the Red Cross.

SAMMIE MARCUS (M) of the YD Cleaners and Dyers, has just returned from the Brooklyn Naval Hospital, after a six weeks' sojourn. Sam used to be an "H'er Comp" man of the 101st Infantry and tells of how he enjoyed the stories in the New Haven Register, as written by former buddy KELLY of the 103rd Field Artillery, concerning his recent trip back to the old diggin's in la Belle France.

Lieut. CLEVELAND FUSSENICH, of old M Co. of the 102nd is living at New Milford and writing for various newspapers. He and PATRICK LILLIS are active in the Legion and in the Veterans of Foreign Wars and are on the committee in trying to raise funds for an ambulance for the town.

Don't be regusted, I'se retired.

—"SAME OLD DICK" (M)

SONGS MY MOTHER NEVER TAUGHT ME

Reviewed by Ernest E. Fairbanks (M)

Jack Niles, Doug Moore and Wally Wallgren, also the publishers of "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me" (*The Macaulay Company*) deserve a lot of credit for atempting to preserve the rollicking tunes that WERE sung over there. Wally is familiar to us all. He received numerous court-martials for looking on vin when it was rouge and was official cartoonist for *Stars and Stripes*. He calls the drawings which he made for the book, his most artistic efforts.

According to the authors, "All of the songs suggested were not practical. Some of them were so hot they melted down the type every time the linotypes set 'em up."

Among the songs selected, we find, "Home, Boys, Home" given in two versions the second requiring a little obvious expurgation. The words of "Bon Soir, Ma Cherie" are given as sung by one million, nine hundred and eighty-two thousand Yanks to at least five times as many French, English, Belgian and German mademoiselles. From personal experiences the authors should confess (without boasting) that "Bon Soir, Ma Cherie" was also sung to, at, and for quite a few American female persons, but that the French and the Belgian ladies seemed better to understand the tender sentiments expressed therein, and considered the proposals in a state of philosophical calm.

This little cross-section of big city night life in war-time France (and other countries) was sung to the tune of one of Sir Harry Lauder's popular successes, namely "A Wee Dock-an-Dorris." Now and then some Welfare folks would ask us to dilute our Rabelaisianism with more milk-and-water version, which we did, unwillingly.

"Quand La Guerre Est Fini" is, according to the authors, perhaps the most pathetic piece of drool to come out of the war. Two verses follow:

Apres la guerre fini
Les Americains partis
Mademoiselle seul au lit,
Bouncing the new baby.

(What a tough break for Mademoiselle—to be "seul au lit.")

Apres la guerre fini
Tommy soldats partis,
Yvonne have pickaninny,
Apres la guerre fini.

(But even so, Yvonne will have something to comfort her in her declining years.)

The writer is willing to wager that some of the songs in this book were actually sung by the YD somewhere between Neufchateau and Le Mans.

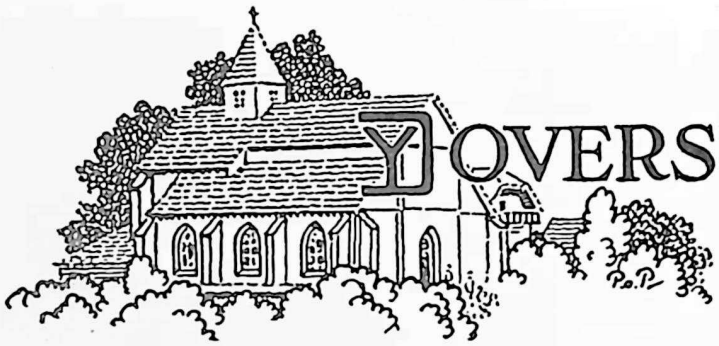
CONGRATULATIONS

Arthur Colburn Courtney arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. NEWTON S. COURTNEY (M) of East Lynn, Mass., on April 17. Courtney was in the 103rd Ambulance Co.

Miles: "Well, old Gene MacDonough remained Scotch to the last breath."

Pyles: "What do you mean?"

Miles: "When he felt a heart attack coming on he managed to fall in front of a passing auto so the insurance company would have to pay his widow double indemnity."



Y-OVERSEAS MEMORIAL

"Every man give one day's pay"

Contributions in answer to the final drive to finish up the Overseas Memorial are coming in rather slowly. If any reader of YANKEE DOINGS, after all these years, has still not contributed, not even once, well, there isn't much can be said.

One interesting addition to the Memorial Fund was a check which MICHAEL J. MOONEY (M) (101st Inf.) sent in, representing a prize he received for a "Yank Yarn" printed in the *Boston Traveler*.

As he says: "If some of those raconteurs that ate with me in the 'dug-out' in the good ship 'Carmania' that carried us across the pond on our second invasion of France would get busy and narrate, the fund would be augmented considerably."

The following letter is from one of the former chaplains of the 103rd Infantry:

Dear Comrades:

The men of the 26th Division are justly proud of having reached every objective during the war. Their enviable record forbids them to leave their Memorial Church in its present unfinished condition. It would be inviting the taunting scriptural remark: They began to build and could not finish.

If we are to see this thing through, it is up to those who have already generously contributed, to remain loyal to the end. "Many, indeed, are called, but few" . . . respond.

As you can easily surmise, this is a chaplain's sermon. Here is his check.

Yours truly,
—(Rev.) MICHAEL NIVARD (M)

AMOUNTS RECEIVED TO MAY 1

	Cash Rec'd	*Pledges*	*Totals*
Div. Hq. & Hq. Troop	$3,675.70	$140.00	$3,815.70
101 Infantry	3,274.78	227.00	3,501.78
101 F. A.	8,513.09	176.50	8,689.59
101 Tr. M.	118.00	5.00	123.00
101 Sup. Tr.	237.30	40.00	277.30
*101 San. Tr.	1,265.65	10.00	1,275.65
101 F. Sig.	534.32	57.00	591.32
101 Tr. Hq. & M. P.	360.95	34.00	394.95
101 M. G. Bn.	1,032.59	15.00	1,047.59
101 M. O. R. S.	32.00	.....	32.00
101 Engrs.	5,173.88	257.00	5,430.88
101 Amm. Tr.	$2,392.85	$52.00	$2,444.85
102 Infantry	1,858.38	150.50	2,008.88
102 F. A.	3,166.95	122.25	3,289.20
102 M. G. Bn.	1,445.40	105.00	1,550.40
103 Infantry	6,869.30	702.00	7,571.30
103 F. A.	4,392.34	57.50	4,449.84
103 M. G. Bn.	640.95	131.00	771.95
104 Infantry	3,830.71	173.00	4,003.71
51st Art. Brig.	622.00	.....	622.00
52nd Inf. Brig.	208.43	10.00	218.43
51st Inf. Brig.	143.40	.....	143.40
Misc.	1,999.84	66.00	2,065.84
Bank Int.	1,716.93	.....	1,716.93
Postage on Broch.	4.38	.....	4.38
	$53,510.12	$2,530.75	$56,040.87

* Includes

101 F. H.	103 F. H.
101 Amb.	103 Amb.
101 San. Tr.	104 F. H.
102 F. H.	104 Amb.
102 Amb.	

Donors 4312 Pledges 239

INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTIONS

(*In addition to those previously acknowledged*)

(Y.D.V.A. members not designated)

Albert V. Beaudry	104 Inf.	
Harry B. Morrison	101 F. Sig.	(Add.)
Ray S. Fuller	104 Inf.	
Emil C. Holvec	Misc.	
Edwin J. Barnes	102 Inf.	(Add.)
Charles J. Kilpatrick	103 Inf.	(Add.)
P. S. Comstock	101 Eng.	
Michael H. Ford	104 Inf.	(Add.)
Henry A. Bittner, Jr.	101 M. G.	
John B. Wallace, Jr.	102 Inf.	(Add.)
Sidney A. Newcombe	104 Inf.	(Add.)
Edward J. Shanahan	104 Inf.	(Add.)
L. C. Mosman	Hqrs. Tr.	
F. C. Perkins	103 F. A.	(Add.)
Kenneth D. Johnson	103 F. A.	(Add.)
Levi Wissinger	103 Inf.	(Add.)
Walter G. Lessard	103 Inf.	(Add.)
F. S. McClement	101 Eng.	(Add.)
Roe A. Balo	101 F. Sig.	(Add.)
Wm. P. Adams	102 Amb.	(Add.)

Roger A. Greene	101 Tr. M.	(Add.)
Geo. M. Morse	101 Eng.	(Add.)
Geo. Frederic Brown	101 Eng.	(Add.)
H. R. Velde	101 Inf.	
C. H. Prescot	103 M. G.	
Frank J. McNamara	101 F. A.	
D. W. Little	101 Inf.	
W. A. Sullivan	101 Inf.	(Add.)
Willard S. King	103 F. A.	(Add.)
Joseph C. McManus	104 Inf.	
John Lewis Fitts	103 Inf.	
Robert C. Maud	101 F. A.	(Add.)
Scott A. Cutler	103 Inf.	(Add.)
Col. John D. Murphy	101 Inf.	
Charles B. Giles	101 F.A.	
Sam Goldberg	102 Inf.	
Donald H. Morrill	101 F. Sig.	(Add.)
Harold Winslow	102 F. A.	
Paul L. DeVerter	104 Inf.	(Add.)
Charles B. Johnson	101 F. A.	(Add.)
Fred Brockmeyer, Sr.	Misc.	
Hubbard E. Howard	101 Eng.	(Add.)
Richard J. Feely	103 F.A.	
R. M. Eastman	101 Eng.	(Add.)
John W. Damon	101 Eng.	
Frederick G. Worsley	101 F. A.	
Martin J. Manning	Misc.	
Porter B. Chase	101 Eng.	(Add.)
John Hammond	101 F. A.	(Add.)
Markham W. Stackpole	102 F. A.	(Add.)
Wm. A. Brown	101 F. A.	
Fritz E. Hedlund	101 Inf.	
Benjamin L. Agler	101 Sup. Tr.	(Add.)
Patrick Constanza	101 Inf.	(Add.)
Carlton S. Durfee	101 Eng.	(Add.)
Francis L. Foley	102 Inf.	(Add.)
Foster S. Harrington	101 F. A.	(Add.)
Chas. B. Watson	101 Eng.	(Add.)
Erving H. Clough	103 F. A.	
Geo. W. Bentley, Jr.	102 M. G.	(Add.)
Jas. Y. Rodger	102 F. H.	(Add.)
Henry Morrison	101 Eng.	(Add.)
B. A. Richardson	104 Inf.	
Allen P. Stearns	102 M. G.	
Forrest C. Symmes	102 F. A.	(Add.)
Richard Peters	Div. Hq.	(Add.)
Wm. H. Dolan	101 M. P.	(Add.)
Fred J. Foster	104 Inf.	
Archie Rouleau	103 Inf.	
David P. Smith	103 Inf.	(Add.)
Elzie Kitefield	103 Inf.	
Chas. P. Rugg	102 Inf.	(Add.)
Raymond J. Queenin	102 Inf.	(Add.)
Thomas E. Curto	102 F. A.	
Copeland Merrill	103 Inf.	
Wallace C. Day	104 Inf.	(Add.)
Wallace G. Duncan	102 F. A.	
August K. Ely	101 Am. Tr.	(Add.)
Robt. G. Horr	101 F. A.	(Add.)
Frank P. Williams	Div. Hq.	(Add.)
Wm. B. Carlson	101 Inf.	
F. W. Webb	102 Inf.	(Add.)
Clifford H. Arnold	101 Eng.	
Wm. J. Marley	101 F. A.	
W. S. Simpkins	102 F. A.	(Add.)
John L. Naughton	101 Am. Tr.	
C. W. Brendel	Misc.	
Rev. Michael Nivard	103 Inf.	(Add.)
Henry S. Derby	101 F. A.	(Add.)
John J. Healy	101 Inf.	(Add.)
Arch D. Gordon	101 F. Sig.	
Geo. A. Fuller	101 Eng.	(Add.)
Melrose Bunnell	Misc.	
Thos. F. Mazza	101 Inf.	(Add.)
Wm. J. Rowe	102 M. G.	
Roger K. Hubbell	Misc.	
Myron C. Schoenly	101 Eng.	
W. Bruce McMillan	101 Eng.	
B. N. Dell	102 Inf.	(Add.)
Francis B. Morss	102 M. G.	
W. J. LaCrosse	101 Inf.	
John Simpkins	102 F. A.	(Add.)
Graziano N. Longarini	102 M. G.	
Frank J. Hejmalik, Jr.	103 Inf.	
H. P. Davis	Misc.	
Walter J. McCann	104 Inf.	(Add.)
Byron P. Graff	101 M. G.	
E. VanRoden	101 Sup. Tr.	(Add.)
Col. Ralph H. Hallett	101 Eng.	
Ralph A. Turgeon	101 Sup. Tr.	(Add.)
Mrs. Ward M. Parker (for husband)	Div. Hqrs.	
Raymond R. Naill	Misc.	
W. Vosmek, Jr.	104 Inf.	(Add.)
Hervey W. Bell	101 M. P.	(Add.)
Homer C. Bliss	104 Inf.	
M. L. Murphy	104 Inf.	
Harold R. Kneeland	104 Inf.	
F. J. Reardon	104 Inf.	(Add.)
Ernest B. Nickerson	104 Inf.	(Add.)
Arthur H. Smith	104 Inf.	(Add.)
Gailon A. Hinds	104 Inf.	(Add.)
Misc. "Jack Pot"	104 Inf.	
Earl B. MacMillan	101 Eng.	(Add.)
Earl B. Lyon	103 F. A.	
Shirley D. Gardiner	Miscl.	
Wm. F. Chisholm	101 Eng.	(Add.)
James F. Cobey	101 San. Tr.	
Alexander C. Bennett	104 Inf.	(Add.)
Geo. H. Kirkpatrick	101 San. Tr.	
Edward F. Walker	101 Eng.	(Add.)
Alfred Shriver	103 F. A.	(Add.)
Arthur T. Walsh	104 Inf.	
Charles F. Mains	103 F. A.	
Frank W. Stevens	104 F. H.	(Add.)
Thomas L. Aylward	103 F. H.	
Joseph Kanusky	104 Inf.	
Frank L. Thayer	102 F. A.	(Add.)
Geo. H. Johnson	102 F. A.	(Add.)
Robert Winsor, Jr.	102 Inf.	(Add.)
Ernest G. Parker	104 Inf.	(Add.)
Geo. H. Young	101 F. A.	(Add.)
Thomas B. Watson	101 Eng.	(Add.)

Co B., 102 M. G. received through Chas. W. Shannon, Treas.	102 M. G.	
Frederic J. Hauber	101 Eng.	(Add.)
A. S. Johnson	102 Inf.	(Add.)
Clyde A. White	101 Eng.	(Add.)
Nicholas Perugini	102 Inf.	
Geo. L. Branscomb	101 Eng.	
Geo. H. Jordan	101 Eng.	
Clarke T. Harding	103 F. A.	(Add.)
Y. Kaspar	102 Inf.	
Walter J. Pulsifer	101 Eng.	(Add.)
Geo. L. Sullivan	101 Inf.	
Geo. E. Hall	102 Inf.	
Chas. J. Matthews	103 Inf.	
Cleon A. Bell	101 M. G.	(Add.)
Edward Cunningham	Misc.	
Wm. M. Walsh	103 F. A.	(Add.)
Chas. A. Nally	101 San. Tr.	
Horace Sutcliffe	101 Am. Tr.	(Add.)
John F. Osborn	101 Eng.	(Add.)
Hammond M. Perkins	101 F. A.	(Add.)
Furey F. Cardi	102 F. A.	(Add.)
Harold P. Lambert	102 M. G.	(Add.)
John C. Dolan	102 M. G.	
Joseph W. Walsh	103 M. G.	
Harry I. Emmons	102 F. A.	(Add.)
Carl W. Norling	101 Eng.	(Add.)
Walter White	101 F. Sig.	(Add.)
Wm. H. Behn	101 M. G.	
Domenick Rizzani	103 F. A.	
Rev. Wm. J. Farrell	104 Inf.	(Add.)
"In memory of Corp. Geo. R. Quessy" by his brother Randall H. Quessy	102 F. A.	(Add.)
H. W. J. Fitzgerald	101 Inf.	
John J. Buttomer	Div. Hq.	(Add.)
Michael Raftery	101 Inf.	(Add.)
Carl H. Nelson	102 Inf.	(Add.)
Frank W. Schade	Misc.	
Wilber H. Gantnier	101 Tr. M.	

AN UPWARD CURVE

As has been stated here before, membership in the Y.D.V.A. last year ran ahead of that the year before all the way through. That was indeed encouraging, but what follows is better yet. Membership this year (since April 1) has run far ahead each day of that a year ago. It is not unfounded optimism to expect this will be the largest year the organization has ever had in point of members. The cold facts indicate it, and each day sees it more nearly achieved.

It is one thing to say, "Let's make this our biggest year," or "This ought to be our biggest year," but it's another to state that everything indicates that it IS GOING TO BE our biggest year.

Of course it is the easiest thing in the world to prevent this accomplishment. Just hold back on paying your dues, if you have not already paid them, never mention the outfit to a former comrade except to pan it, make no effort to sign up a member occasionally, and it may be possible to avoid topping last year's mark. But with the Legion Convention in October and the renewed interest in veteran affairs, it looks as if the most persistent crepe hanger in the world might as well pack his crepe in moth balls and get on the band wagon.

Pass around your copies of YANKEE DOINGS where they will do the most good. We'll gladly send you another on request. Sign 'em on the dotted line, and set up a record this year.

THE EDITOR HAS ONE FRIEND

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

I am sorry that you do not continue officially to discuss further that damnable outrage—Prohibition.

How any ex-soldier, especially of the YD, can stand up and praise our present state of national affairs under the ridiculous, and yet murdering, 18th Amendment—passeth comprehension. The man is either a fool or a knave.

Why pay attention to such? I suggest that you keep right on with your editorials.

The dear churches (for which we fought), have already inveigled the Government into making us and millions of other loyal citizens and ex-soldiers into criminals, along with burglars, murderers, and the like. But I for one resent it. I never knew the old YD was particularly easy to beat up. I never knew we were particularly easy to silence. I never knew we were all a bunch of criminals.

Who's for continuance of the Editorials? I am. One.

Yours truly,
—GERALD COURTEY (M)

Phoenix, Ariz.
May 5.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WORLD WAR

In his book of sketches and cartoons depicting characters and incidents in the life of the A.E.F. and their Allies in the War, C. LeRoy Baldridge, formerly on the staff of the *Stars and Stripes*, has succeeded in re-creating the atmosphere which surrounded us in those adventurous days to a degree unsurpassed by any artist and equalled by but few authors.

The book, attractively bound, is published by G. P. Putnam & Sons, and should find a place in the war library of everyone who takes pride in his ability to discriminate.

The sketches, some of which are in color, are so well chosen in the action and surroundings which they depict, that each of them recalls a memory of some similar place and time to those of us who can say, like Baldridge, "I Was There," the title he has chosen for his book.

Perhaps the finest things between the covers are

the heads of various types of fighting men who went to make up the great cosmopolitan armies of the world: French colonials, Moroccans, Algerians, men of the desert, raw-boned kilties, Texas rangers, bearded poilus. Even Fritzie is not overlooked in the sketches of types of German prisoners, and many charming vignettes show French women and children we all knew so well. Even the faithful dog is not forgotten, two whole pages being given to him, including one little masterpiece, "Mort pour la Patrie."

The Y.D.V.A. will furnish price on request and fill orders.

MOTHERS DAY

Mothers Day is past for this year. It is perhaps late to talk about the day, but never too late, too early or too often to talk about its meaning. Fostered by florists and candy manufacturers? Perhaps so. But even so it jogs memories too prone to forget.

The *Literary Digest* in its issue of May 10, presents as a cover a reproduction of the painting, "Washington's Farewell to His Mother." Every man born of woman might profitably stand before that picture every morning of his life. The stalwart father of his country kneels on the floor at the feet of his mother, upon whose face is an expression of tender solicitude. The fine, frail old hands seem aflutter within the loving clasp of her son's, yet the eyes say, 'Another of Life's partings; I can bear it." To her he is not a giant figure stalking across History's page, but her boy. Thus have you knelt and I in the trusting innocence of childhood. Thus may we not be ashamed to kneel still.

As one who this year for the first time wore the white flower telling that the watchful guidance now comes from other than earthly shores, let me say that there is no sweeter joy in life than banishing sorrow from a mother's face; no greater privilege than that of lifting the burden from her frail shoulders on life's downward path.

WOOD SMOKE

There's something about the odor of wood smoke that stirs half forgotten and not easily recalled memories of peace and contentment in me. Up "north of Boston" it seems always to be in the air, except in the hottest days of summer, for folks up that way don't go in much for coal, and gas is out of the picture as a fuel for cooking. The wood shed, piled high with stove lengths is still an important adjunct of domestic life.

On the wings of that pungent odor come pictures of crisp fall days deep in the woods of Maine when, as a green transparent twilight closes in, we gather around the old-fashioned air-tight stove and enjoy that sense of rest which comes after a day of strenuous exertion out on some rugged mountain trail. Or perhaps a lazy October afternoon along the banks of a glassy stream in whose mirror the crimson maple and golden birch gaze entranced upon their own loveliness. For on such a day the amber air is redolent with mystic incense of wood smoke.

Then again perhaps its wizardry lies not wholly in the unformed memories it conjures forth, but partly in those others it erases from the mind. Beneath its spell, the rush and roar of cities, the glare of electric signs, the hurry and discontent of the city's people seem unreal and far away. Here is life as it has always been, close to the soil; cities rise and fall, but earth is man's eternal mother.

—P. N. S. (M)

YD POST 290, A. L. AUXILIARY

Our YD night held last month, the purpose of which was to bring cheer to over two hundred boys in the Chelsea Naval Hospital, proved to be an evening well spent. The following entertainers generously gave their time:

Miss Pamela Carew, of the Carew Players, who offered an interesting monodrama; Mrs. Geraldine Le Cain, singer at the recent YD Post Costume Party, who pleased everyone with her vocal selections; Miss Jane Grant and Frank Beecher, who performed an exceedingly clever adagio dance; and JIMMIE LYNCH (M), always equal to the occasion, who acted as master of ceremonies.

There was a plentiful supply of home-made cake, ice cream and cigarettes, contributed by members of YD Unit.

On June tenth we are running another bridge-whist, with Mrs. Clare Poulton as hostess. We are looking forward to the continued patronage of the YD boys to help put this over.

This Unit's Annual May Dance, held at the Mayflower Ballroom on May eighth, represented our first effort to conduct a dance on a really big scale; heretofore, we had kept expenses down to the minimum. The ballroom selected was beautiful, the music, "Ken DeWitt's Collegians," was fine, and everyone had a good time. Our Unit membership is small, and yet we more than cleared expenses. Thanks are due to those members of the YD Post who bought tickets (a great many), to Helen O'Brien, our president, for selling more tickets than anybody else, and to Marie Murdock, our "Old Reliable," who managed the dance excellently.

Plans are now being made for a luncheon to the boys of the YD Post, for Memorial Day. Definite arrangements will be announced at the next Post meeting, and also on the bulletin board.

—(Mrs.) P. K. C.

TAPS

William J. Doran, formerly of the 102nd Machine Gun Battalion, is dead. The information reaching Doings did not contain mention of the date or place of death. The deceased enlisted in Troop A of the 1st Squadron Connecticut Cavalry in April, 1917, at the age of 17. He had been in poor health since 1923. Full military honors were rendered at the funeral services by Suttur Post, A.L., and YD Post of the Naugatuck Valley.

Leo Duffy, formerly of G Company, 101st Infantry, died at his home in Worcester, Mass., on April 17. Mr. Duffy was a past Vice Commander of the Homer J. Wheaton Post, V. F. W., and the possessor of citations for extraordinary heroism at Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel, and Meuse Argonne.

Captain Daniel F. Maloney, formerly of the Medical Detachment, 101st Field Artillery, died at Lawrence, Mass., on April 15. Mr. Maloney was one of the best known veterans of Lawrence, and his funeral was an occasion of mourning for the entire city. The body lay in state in the State Armory while hundreds passed by the bier. Church bells as well as those of all public buildings tolled and all city flags were at half staff as the funeral cortege passed through the streets, the body borne on a flag-draped artillery caisson. Hundreds of his former comrades marched in the solemn procession.

Spenceley W. Ross, formerly of B Company, 101st Engineers, died from pneumonia at his home in Atlantic, Mass., on Monday, April 21. The funeral services which were held at Waterman's Chapel, on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, on Thursday the 24th, were attended by more than fifty men of his former company and regiment. The colors of the YD Club of Boston, of which he was a member, stood by the flag-draped casket, and W. Harold Page (101st Engrs.) played taps. The remains were cremated.

Ronald H. LaChapelle, formerly of C Company, 104th Infantry, died at his home on April 29 and was buried with full military honors on May 2. Pall bearers and firing squad were all members of his old company.

Through the return of unclaimed mail Yankee Doings has learned for the first time of the death of the following former soldiers of the Division. Unfortunately in most cases, the outfit is unknown as well as the time and place of the death. Alford N. Taylor of Louisiana, on October 25, 1926; Peter E. Berg, of Duluth, Minn.; Oliver E. St. Peter of Rutland, Vt., on February 21, 1927; Ignatz Madajewski of Plymouth, Penna., was killed in an auto accident July 18, 1928; Howard P. Cleveland of St. Albans, Vt.; John R. Sullivan of Monson, Mass.; John P. Fought of Shelbyville, Ill.; Edward H. Fannon of Natick, Mass.; Jacob Fetzer of Ottawa, Ohio; John H. Horr of Loon Lake, Wash.; Berry A. Mixon of Manor, Georgia; Henry L. Wilson of Norwood, R. I.; and Alvin J. Brennan of Amsterdam, N. Y.

A. P. O. No. 709

Rumor has it that Jim Cresswell, during a recent trip to Washington engaged in a friendly poker game within the sacred confines of the House Office Building from whence another Jim, Boyer by name, emerged two berries or so the richer.

The YD Club of New Haven has taken steps to prevent the sale of poppies in that city by communistic organizations, a practice which has obtained there on certain patriotic holidays.

When General Edwards (LM) visited the House of Representatives in Washington recently, he was spotted in the gallery by Congressman Billy Connery (M), who managed to dam the flow of oratory long enough to call attention of the solons to the Old Man's presence, upon which he was accorded the recognition of the body. As most everyone has read, his purpose in the Capital was to speak in rebuttal for the Wets before the Senate Judiciary Committee. Incidentally, he read into the records excerpts from Yankee Doings. His address dwelt largely on the success of the canteen system in the Army and the difficulties which followed its suppression.

YD AUXILIARY

The regular monthly meeting of the YD Auxiliary was held on Wednesday evening, April 9th, with Mrs. Alice Snape, President, presiding.

After the meeting a very enjoyable Whist Party was held, coffee and sandwiches being served and many prizes awarded.

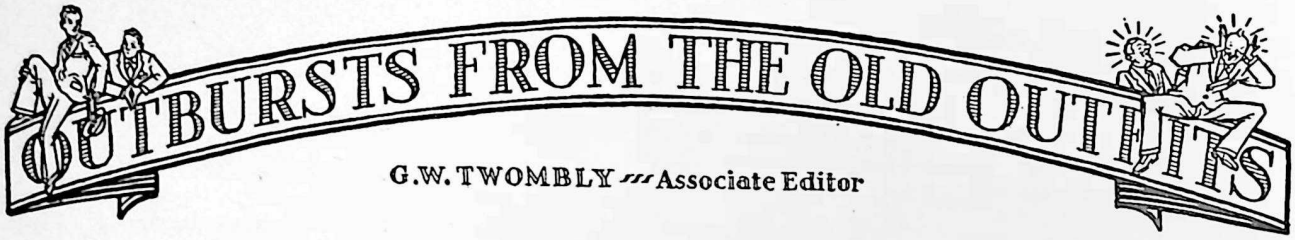
The members of the Auxiliary wish to extend their sincerest sympathy to Mrs. Elizabeth Cummings, wife, and Mrs. Gale, Mrs. Anderson, and Mrs. Drayton, daughters of Mr. Henry R. Cummings, who passed away on Friday, April 11th. Funeral services were held at his home, 83 Olney Street, Dorchester, on Monday, April 14th, at 2:30 p.m.

The sewing meeting for April was held at the home of Mrs. Hendrickson, 8 Adams Terrace, Dorchester, on the afternoon of the 23rd.

Memorial Services will be held at our next meeting, on the evening of May 14th.

After the June meeting, to be held on Wednesday evening, June 11th, a Strawberry Festival will be enjoyed. Strawberries will be served in some form and an entertainment will be given. We hope to see many of our members and friends both at the meeting and entertainment.

—M. S. Christie



ECHOES OF E

JOHN "MIKE" ROONEY knows his onions all right. Took a trip to Bermuda recently to check up on his information. HAROLD BROWNSON also did some tripping down that way to Kingston, Panama, Havana, Nassau, Colombia. Perhaps they'll write travelogues for "Echoes."

BILLY MUNROE's address on our file is n.g. Does anybody know where he's gone?

The following paragraph from a recent issue of the *Boston Transcript* shows that the new "E" Co. of the 101st Engineers is still leading the way:

"Men of Company E, 101st Engineers, M. N. G., were measured for the new dress uniform adopted by the regiment this week. This is the first unit to be equipped with these uniforms, which are of horizon blue, trimmed with scarlet and white braid, and patterned similarly to the dress uniform of the West Point Cadets. The headdress is a shako with black patent leather crown and chin strap. A gold spread eagle on the front of the hat will be surmounted with the Engineer castle in black, and a gold chain rests on the visor. A scarlet and white pompom surmounts the shako. Officers' uniforms will be similar, with gold epaulettes and scarlet and white sash."

Wouldn't we have looked noble stringing wire in those outfits? Wow!

We hope to pick up a lot of news on May 24th which will help to make the next "Echoes" more interesting. By the way, we hope the fellows around Boston will watch for an announcement of the Memorial Service at the Armory which comes on a Sunday near the 30th. We don't know the date but we do hope that more "E" men will turn out for this just to show the parents and families of the boys we lost that we really haven't forgotten them. The attendance in the last few years of veterans has been pitifully small but we hope this year every one around Boston will make a special effort to be present for the short time the service takes.

Hoping to see a goodly crowd on May 24th, and that we'll hear from all those who can't attend, we'll fade out after signing off.

—R. M. E. (M)

FANCIES OF F

Made another swing around the circuit about the first of May, and saw some of the boys in Maine and New Hampshire. JAKE SAVARD, so they informed me at Hayford's Garage in Chocorua, was at work on some summer residence. He works in the garage during the summer months.

Had lunch one noon with "SHINE" POTTER at Conway. He is active in the American Legion Post at Fryeburg, which is going like a house afire, having about tripled its membership in a little over a year. They are giving a minstrel show four times this month, and already have the land and the plans drawn for a $25,000 home. "Shine" has managed to keep busy at the painting game all through a dull winter, and hoped to get down to the E-F Party on the 24th.

Up in North Conway stopped a few minutes as usual to say hello to AL HOWARD who is still working about 26 hours a day, eight days a week, straightening out dented fenders and putting new dress suits on old cars.

Over in Fryeburg, we ensconced ourselves in the family rocking chair in the sanctum sanctorum of LYME ELA's postoffice and held a belated post-mortem of last August's rip-roaring shindig up in the howling wilderness of Stowe. One of our hosts of that occasion, John Sargent, Lyman's boss, was present, and our chef par excellence, "Tydol Billie" put in a hurried appearance for a few minutes. They want us up there again this summer, more of us, and louder and funnier. Those who attended last summer will need no second invitation.

Diligent research failed to reveal BERT ST. CLAIR, although we were informed that he was 'round town somewhere, and SAM HUTCHINS was not receiving on that particular day.

Sixteen miles of pretty terrible road led to Bridgeton, where CHARLIE BURNELL was discovered at work for the Central Maine Power. Had a long chat about mutual friends in France which your reporter had the pleasure of revisiting last Fall, and also of the prospects for deer hunting next Fall. Learned that FRANK KNIGHT has remarried and is no longer in Bridgeton.

On returning to Boston, found the following note on the desk: "Phil, Why in hell don't you stay around here a bit? This is the first time I've been around Boston since we broke up. Remember me to any of the old gang you see. I expect to move back up here

this summer, so we will see each other occasionally. —PHIL KINGSBURY, Miami, Fla." Sorry we missed seeing Phil.

Don't know much of any other news but there ought to be plenty next month after that E and F affair on the 24th.

—P. N. S. (M)

BUZZINGS OF B

Sacred to the Memory of Spenceley W. Ross

No longer will the Vets of B Company, in reunion assembled, hear the voice of their old comrade, SPENCELEY W. ROSS. The Company now mourns the death of this member, on April 20, 1930, and extends its heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved widow and little daughter, who reside in Quincy, Massachusetts. B Company will treasure Spenceley's memory as that of a good soldier and a valued friend.

EDDIE LEBLANC and JIM GILLIES (M) suggested that B Company's reunion for this year take place during the National Convention of the American Legion, in October, and this, to the writer, seems to be an ideal time because there is no doubt that some of the boys who would not ordinarily get to Boston for one of our Company reunions will be here for the National Convention, and we should therefore see some of the fellows from states further off. A first letter of announcement will be sent out about the last of next month, and this will be followed up by numerous other letters announcing the plans, etc., for the reunion.

HOWARD FRYE (M) writes from New York that he would like a list of B Company men who reside in the vicinity of New York City as he intends to arrange a get-together some Saturday. Please send Howard the names of any fellows you know who are presently located in New York. Howard can be reached in care of General Foods Corporation, Postum Building, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

I was darn glad to see "DAD" MOULTON the other day and to see that he was looking so well. "Dad" says that the doctors are not sure just what is the matter with him. If any of you fellows can get in touch with "Dad" he would sure appreciate it as time is hanging heavy on his hands with nothing to do but hang around.

"TINKER" TREDENICK has a new baby girl.

—"THE DRONE" (M)

REUNION OF C BATTERY, 102nd FIELD ARTILLERY

One hundred and twenty-five members of old C Battery, 102nd Field Artillery gathered together in the Methuen State Armory to celebrate their Second Annual Reunion. Col. MORRIS E. LOCKE (M) former commanding officer of the regiment was the principal speaker and spoke of the good fellowship which prevailed at such meetings, stating that it was one of the greatest pleasures of his life to attend these gatherings of his old comrades. Lieut. Col. WILLIAM HOWE (M) acted as toastmaster, and Captain EDWARD D. SIROIS extended the greetings of the battery.

At a business meeting preceding a delicious chicken dinner, the following officers were elected: President, Lt. Col. WILLIAM F. HOWE (M); Vice-President, WILLIAM MENZIE; Secretary, JAMES BRADLEY; Treasurer, JAMES J. DUGAN.

Col. LOCKE (M) was presented with a desk set by members of the Battery.

When did all this happen? Echo answers, "When?" The news clipping from which these extracts were taken says, "Last night," and the date line is missing.

FLICKERS FROM THE 104TH

C COMPANY

The Reunion at Gloucester went off very smoothly and it was a great surprise to see some fellows there who had never attended a reunion before and some of the other ones who do not get to all of them.

Worcester was represented as usual with the largest crowd. AL BENNETT (M) and JAS LEIGH (M) did a wonderful job in arranging for the company time and the Worcester Unit, which were combined; and it looks as if the three companies will get together in the future at all our reunions. We expected about 125 at the Banquet but were prepared for around 150, and there were nearer 200.

Six more fellows signed up at the Reunion, BILL GILLIAM (M), MELVIN BORGESON (M), FRANK REED (M), WALTER BRIGHAM (M), AL OHRN (M) and WILROSE BARNARD (M) and we hope to have (M) after every name before the year is out.

The Worcester fellows who were there were GEO. THOMSON (M), DAN JONES, FRED FALK, BILL and ARTHUR MILLWARD, HAROLD NUTE (M), JIM ESTES (M), RUSS. HARMON, RALPH KIERSTEAD, PAUL and PHIL WOOD, L. D. JONES (M), LACHAPELLE, ED. FLYNN, JIM VALENTINE (M), L. HENDRICKS, F. MILLER, JOE BLAKE, ED. ANDERSON (M), CARL FEGREAUS, AL RAND, F. MERRIFIELD (M), JUD FISH (M), HARRY HOPKINS, GEO CYPHER, BILL PERMENTER, FRED JORDAN, RAY LEONARD, and ARTHUR LABRACK.

WILL MAHONEY, TOM MAHONEY, GEO LOMBARD, HENRY MERNIN were there from Somerville, HERB JEFFRIES, CHICK HAGGERTY, CLAUDE ELLIOTT came from Cambridge. SALOME was down from Lowell. TOM MONGUSO (M) from Milford. LAMPREAU and JOE PAUL from Spencer. FRANK JONES from Everett. JOE KANUSKY from So. Boston. WILBUR MASKELL from Melrose. FRANK MALLARD from Ipswich. OTIS

Potter, Devereau, Henry Plante, and Breault. Norm Howes from Quincy. Roland Cook from Rutland. Geo Nute from Northampton. Geo Keefe from Waltham. Bill Price (M) and Gordon Boyd (M) from Medford.

Ted Noyes (M) attended the first reunion for five or six years and had a great time meeting all the boys once more. He had a letter from the Mayor of Apremont which he read at the business meeting, a copy of it is printed elsewhere in this edition.

The company meeting was held at the Hotel Delphine on Saturday and Jas. Leigh (M) was elected Company Commander for the following year. Joe Blake was elected Vice Commander, Guy Watts (M), Adjutant; Harold Nute (M), and Al Bennett (M) on the Executive Committee.

Most of the fellows stayed for the show on Saturday night which was a good one and then left for their homes to catch up on their lost sleep and rest.

Every year we seem to have more enthusiasm and more fellows show up and hope we will get up to the 100 mark before long.

Next year's meeting place has not been decided on yet but we will sure have one somewhere if we have to go to Moon Island.

The next time to look forward to now is the YD Day at Camp Devens, the second Sunday the N. G. is at camp in July.

H. G. W. (M)

102nd M.G. BATTALION

A COMPANY

As predicted, the Battalion Reunion happened. Pardon us, we'll have to confine this column to bits about "A" men.

The noisiest event of the evening was the reading of the new by-laws by Chm. Nom. Comm., ex-M.S. Pop Covey (M) while he wasted his efforts on the Won't-listeners. However, all decided they were good by-laws—perhaps because Lawyer and Councilman Herman Bush of B Co. drafted them.

Hardworking "Baron" Bean (M) was re-elected Secretary, Art Havlin (M) a Vice-P., and Bud Fisher (M) and Stew Johnston (M) members of the new Nom. Comm. to succeed said Pop and Buck Freeman (M). We always like to consider Joe Vatcher, the new Treasurer, an A man but longer service with B causes him to share the honor. The other local regulars at these affairs who contributed to the din were George Bentley (M), Gus Burnham, Bill Cameron, Eddie Collins, Ken Fish, Rush Jones, Longy Longarini (M), Harry Moore, Eddie Newby (M), Carl Reed, Harry Rodd, and Johnny Sanborn (M).

Among the strangers were Frank Carlson from the Governor's office, Emil Cederborg, now of Hartford, Wally Elliott from Taunton, Mack MacLaine from Amesbury, Jimmie Meehan from Brookline (Police Sta.), Tommy Root from gay Broadway, and Charlie Stewart from Rockland, Mass. These 26 loyal A men admit they will gather during the Legion Convention in October, also the following long absentees: Ralph Harshman of Alliance, Ohio, Ellis Kissinger of Sparta, Wisconsin; Charles Newnham of Johnstown, N. Y., Harold Shortsleeve, now of Rutland, Vt., Carl Smith of Haverhill, Buck Weaver of Brattleboro, Vt., and many others. If you weren't there, you missed something; if you were, you don't need to be reminded of events. (We're speaking of April 19th.)

"Wednesday at Noon," often referred to, is an institution. We congratulate the "A" men who regularly attend for making lunch interesting enough to have Ralph Eastman (M), Ben James (M), Charlie Trefry (M), Al Barnard (M), Bob Jennings (M), Andy Fair, and Vernon Hitchings (M) lend their presence week after week. Others are welcome to discuss "How to bring up children" as well as "Why machine gunners didn't win the war" and other busy business men's problems.

Company A believes it holds a unique record among companies of the A. E. F. Two municipal boats are named after two of our veterans—a ferry boat after Ralph Palumbo, and a new police boat after Matty Boyle. Can even a Regiment tie that?

—A. C. H. (M)

103rd INFANTRY

Albert A. Nichols (I Co.) has been appointed U. S. Immigration Inspector and is located at Calais, Maine.

Conrad Dorval (Cpl., M. G. Co.) has added another member to his squad. Both the baby and Mrs. D. are getting along finely.

Capt. Harry Twitchell (D Co.) had a narrow escape the other night. He was going along a road in a flooded district in Norway, Maine, and the water rose so rapidly that he had to leave his car and get on high ground toot sweet.

Ray Wescott (M. G. Co.) is highway patrolman on the Franklin, N. H., highways.

—E. K. H. (M)

"Oh, Mama, look at the quaint, old-fashioned girl."

"Yes, dear."

"But, Mama, what are those funny seams running up the back of her legs?"

"Hush, dear, be quiet. She wears stockings."

SIGNAL CORPS SIGNALS

The 101st Field Signal Battalion held its Annual Banquet at the Hotel Somerset, Boston, on Tuesday, April 29, over 100 veterans of the battalion and their wives being present.

HAROLD J. SMITH (M) acted as toastmaster, and introduced, as speaker of the evening, District Attorney Bushnell of Middlesex County, who delivered a splendid address touching upon the interesting side of his work in office, and of his many pleasant experiences with veterans.

SERGEANT: "What is the first thing to do when cleaning a rifle?"

PRIVATE: "Look at the number."

SARGE: "And what has that got to do with it?"

BUCK: "To make sure I'm cleaning my own gun."

He: "Don't you remember me? I married you four years ago."

Movie Actress: "Oh, yes. What was your serial number?"

"What is the professor of mathematics so angry about?"

"He was just short-changed by a huckster."

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